table-land of Bashan beyond. Very beautiful is this lake with its fringe of oleander and other bushes, its grassy slopes, and wavy outline of hills. After a swim in its waters, we sat upon the shelving beach through the quiet evening hours, talking about the strange events of which it had been the scene. Here and there a duck could be seen floating motionless; occasionally the plunge of a fish could be heard, and from the boat slowly making its way down the lake, came the low song of the rowers. We watched the shadows deepening on the opposite hills, and long after the stars were reflected in the calm surface of the lake, we still lingered, reluctant to break the charm of an hour so full of interest.

Gathering a few oleander blossoms, we embarked once more on water whose mirror-like surface gleamed brightly in the rays of the morning sun. A light breeze springing up, we hoisted our sail and sped merrily along. with," said the pastor of McCheyne Memorial Church, Dundee, who sat by my side, "I wish we could have a squall which, without putting us in danger, would give us some idea of the storm that filled the hearts of the disciples with fear." Ill-omened wish! Scarcely were the words spoken when the wind came fiercely down the gorge we had just passed. It rapidly increased in strength, until it raged and howled about us furiously. Suddenly, crack went the boom from its fastenings, a ripping sound was heard, and our sail was rent again and again. There was no help for it; the fluttering rags were hastily furled, and the heavy, clumsy oars were put out. Fortunately we had reached the shelter of a low point; but even with this advantage, it was only by "toiling in rowing" that we could gain the shore. Two men at length jumped into the water with a line, and thus towing and rowing, we came to our camping-place at Khan Minajeh.

We were closely followed by the second boat; but where was the last of the three! With her sail torn and her oars broken and useless, she had come to anchor off the mouth of the gorge, where the full force of the gale was spent upon her. It seemed as if nothing could withstand it, and it is not surprising that those on board were filled with fear. The boat was leaky, the waves dashed over the sides, and there was nothing to bail with but their hats and boots. Quietly they sat in the bottom of the boat, but to most of them it was a time of solemn thought. At length, after two hours of peril and anxiety, help came to them in the shape of a long line, borne by two men floating out on empty water jars. Scarcely had they landed when the wind ceased its raging as suddenly as it had arisen into fury; and the party, wet and weary, but thankful for their deliverance, travelled the rest of the distance to the camp on horseback.

Close to our camp were the crumbling walls

of an old deserted khan, that once resounded to the voices of travellers, who formerly passed in crowds along this road. Near by, too, is the Fountain of the Fig, so called from the large fig-tree whose roots are watered by the stream that flows from the base of the cliff that here juts out into the lake. This is one of the supposed sites of ancient Capernaum.

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Many of our friends, when renewing their subscriptions for periodicals, write their orders as follows :- "Please forward the periodicals we are now taking for another term." It then devolves on us to go back on all the previous orders that we have received from that particular person during the preceding term. This is a matter of great difficulty, in consequence of the number and size of our different lists. Very often the order was received from a different person, and then it becomes a matter of impossibility for us to recognize it at all, and we have to write for the particulars. If our friends would always repeat their order in full, giving names and numbers of the periodicals to be continued, and also the length of time we are to continue them, they would save us a considerable amount of time, and ensure correctness and promptness in having their orders B. C. 1 Kin

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